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AN EPITHALAMIUM

Upon the

AUSPICIOUS NUPTIALS

Of the

Right Honorable the Earl of SHREWSBURY,

And the Vertuous Lady

ANNE BRUDNEL.

By J. C. Gent.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

ALl Joyes fall on the Turtle and his Dove,
Pair'd by Religion, and the Bands of Love;
Pair'd by your Blood and high born Pedigree;
Pair'd by one Spirit of your Sympathy;
Pair'd by Communion of Eſtates and Parts;
Pair'd by the Union of your Souls and Hearts;
If there be any Tye more ſtrict then theſe;
Pair'd by That too: Pair'd by all things that pleaſe.
May Hymens Torch burn cleer as your Deſires,
Lighted in Heaven, with pure promethean Fires:
May fruitful Ceres your full Table ſpread,
And may more fruitful Juno make your Bed:
Wert in the Power of Prayer, Heaven ſhould diſpence
The very Cittadel of Providence;

Could

Could I ſerve up the Storehouſe of my wiſhes,
Nectar ſhould fill your Cups, Ambroſia Diſhes:
Theſe three half Circles of the Sea, Earth, Aire,
Should all joyn to preſent a Bill of Fare;
The Element of Fire ſhall leave the reſt
And wait upon the Altar of your Breſt.
The phœnix ſhould not be excus'd, but be
An Embleme of your fruitful unity:
Your Rivers ſhould be turn'd to Milk, your Wine
Made not of Grapes, but ſome Juice more Divine:
Ide rack both Indies to increaſe your Wealth,
And Calcine Nature to conſerve your Health.
My Muſe ſome high and noble things preſage,
The peace not Plenty of the Golden Age:
What were all this if all were in your power?
Great Sir your Lady brings a richer Dower;
Whom Ingenuities, more then years improve,
Fit for a Husband who hath practis'd Love:
Whoſe Beds of Jewels and rich mines of Gold
Are lodg'd within, to be enjoy'd, not told.
I could deſcribe her features, Tell you how
Peace ſits inthron'd upon her Marble Brow;

Tell you her Eyes are Stars, whoſe Influences
Are moveing Spirits and Intelligences;
Tell you of veins like vines upon her Breſt
Swelling with Cluſters ready to be preſt,
Call her Lips banks of Strawberries, made to laſt;
To feaſt the gods with fragrancy and taſt:
I'le not prophane them ſo, That were to ſay
Something elſe were as lovely ſweet as they:
You have a Roſe whoſe Bud all perfumes fill;
O may this Roſe though pluckt, be pregnant ſtill!
You have a Lady Sir both wiſe and good,
Whoſe vertues wear the tincture of her blood:
Your ſecond Ventere brings you equal Charms,
To fill (Loves Throne) the Circle of your Armes:
Her Face, her Brow, her Tongue, her Eyes, her Lips,
All Glories, fit to lighten an Eclips:
A happy Soyle to plant in, to repair
Loves Inter-regnum with a Maſculine Heir:
O may your kiſſes be the print of Doves,
Both to inflame and propagate your Loves!
May Angels wait upon your Board and Bed,
Some at your Ladies Feet ſome at your Head:

May such a star the Magi spy'd ith' East,
(Which brought the World a Saviour, and this Feast)
With Annual Influences still appear,
And bring Nativities for every year!

May your Loves live, and everlasting be,
Begin like souls, end in Eternity:
Blest Lovers wounded by Celestial Darts!
Heaven your souls marry, and the Priest your Hearts!

FINIS.